

The World

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Leads All the Rest.

During January, February, March and April of this year The Evening World carried 5087 columns of paid display advertising.

No other New York paper equalled this showing. The increase over The Evening World's own record for the corresponding four months of 1903 was 1270% columns—more than twice the gain made by any other paper.

The Rude Conductor:

William Carney got into a dispute with a street car conductor. The conductor kicked him off the car and he fell headlong. It is now feared that he has fractured his skull and cannot recover.

This incident will probably raise a fresh outcry against our conductors—against their rudeness and their ill-temper. And the conductors are undoubtedly sometimes impatient of questions, brusque in answers, churlish in demeanor.

But they have their own point of view. In their ten hours or more of work they probably come in close contact with more concentrated stupidity than do almost any other workmen.

Block after block, trip after trip, they see passengers massed at each end of the car when by moving to the centre they could have breathing space.

Block after block, trip after trip, they have some dull passenger reiterating the same question as to whether the next street is his destination, when he has been repeatedly informed that his corner is still far away.

Block after block, trip after trip, they go on wearily urging women to get off the car facing forward, only to see them deliberately step off facing backward with the obvious danger of a fall.

These are only three examples of the continuous performance of stupidity which day after day grinds into a conductor's nerves.

No, there is much to be said on his side.

The Love of Cleanliness:

The opening of the new People's Baths of the Millbank Memorial yesterday was an event of keenest interest in East Thirty-eighth street.

All day small boys hung about the door, peeping in at the beautiful fittings which make bathing a luxury to the eye. There is no question of the popularity of the undertaking.

Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but the reverence of uncleanness is lessened when the means of remedying it are absent.

Everyone prefers to be clean. New York is less than civilized in not giving every one the chance.

The old Romans were clean. The vast ruins of their public baths are the wonder of tourists. Most of their aqueducts have perished, but even now Rome is better supplied with water than New York.

The modern Japanese are clean; they are all clean. Their public baths are abundant. Even the smallest towns have them.

Ought New York to be less civilized than old Rome or new Tokio? Ought public bath to leave private benevolence to supply the lack of bath-houses?

Mr. Black's Error:

Ex-Gov. Black day before yesterday said in Washington that if a secret ballot could be taken on our anti-vice and anti-gambling crusades there would be a practically unanimous vote in favor of abolishing the crusades and not their objects.

The ex-Governor should speak for himself.

Here in New York we are, a very few of us, saints, a considerable number of us rogues, but the majority of us ordinary, well-behaved, common-sense citizens, who neither hope to see vice eradicated nor desire to see it rampant; who are willing to allow it to exist unobtrusively for those seeking it; who are unwilling to allow it to thrust itself upon those avoiding it; who believe in societies, leagues, crusades, and reformers so long as they strive temperately to regulate evil; who laugh at them when they attempt fanatically to obliterate it.

No, Mr. Black, we welcome any number of reformers and the virtue they seek. All we shy at are persecutors and the bigotry they represent.

11,000 Men Out of Work:

The Pennsylvania Railroad is to "lay off" 11,000 men, or as nearly as possible that number.

Other railroads have already decreased their forces. The steel companies have "laid" part of their men and cut wages besides. There has been rather a disagreeable amount of short-time work in cotton mills.

Wise men talk learnedly about the curious ebb and flow of prosperity, the price we all must pay for "inflation" of capital by the trust makers in 1901. And what they say is true and sensible.

But what are the feelings of the man "laid off"? He has a wife and family. He has not been able to save much money. He drags his slow feet homeward at night, dreading, fearing to tell his wife. But she has read the papers! With a sinking heart she asks:

"Are you laid off?"

Well, the men whose grasping greed made that false prosperity and this very real sorrow have much to answer for.

The Right to Spank:

There lives a man out in Detroit who is shaking society to its foundations. That man is Judge Henry Mandell.

The other day he ruled that a husband had a right to drive his mother-in-law out of his house, even when that house was not his at all, but was his wife's. By this rash ruling the Judge gave a staggering blow to our national institution of Divorce-at-First-Sight.

Now this intrepid man goes one step further. He has just ruled that a husband has a right to spank his mother-in-law.

If this decision is not quickly reversed it will mean the inevitable destruction of wifely authority.

For there will be no triumph of mind over matter when it comes to a struggle between her powers of domination and his legal privilege of the spank.

"Sweet Is Revenge, Especially to Women."

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



WHAT IS undoubtedly the most discreditable trait of feminine nature is revealed in the story telegraphed from Chicago yesterday of the culmination of a woman's scheme of revenge on another woman, which resulted in the discovery and publication of the fact that the latter's husband had been a convict and the bringing of disbarment proceedings against him, after twenty years of successful practice at the law.

Smarting under the knowledge that she had been denied admission to the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, of which the other was Regent, one of these women conducted herself a detective and gradually discovered from the dead past the family skeleton, which she forthwith made public property.

A very observant New Yorker once said, apropos of the prevalence of scandal in Chicago high life, that though we all have family skeletons, it is the custom of the rest of the world to keep them in closets, while in Chicago they hang them on the front door. But in this case the skeleton had been carefully concealed from the public gaze, and it will be a sad commentary on human nature if the revelations made by the Chicago Nemesis do indeed rebound to the discredit of the poor family she sought to injure rather than to her own.

In reading of this particularly flagrant example of feminine meanness the average man will be tempted to exclaim: "How like a woman!" Nevertheless, there have been too many instances of masculine pursuit of vengeance as relentless and havoc-making in their results for it to be fair to conclude that the passion for revenge is not shared equally by both sexes. The Old Testament doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth prevails in the hearts of mankind to-day. But the trouble with vengeance-seeking women is that they are not content with this prescribed exchange. The injuries inflicted upon them are rarely adequate to the revenge they seek. They want and take when they can get it an eye for a mere verbal pin scratch, a tooth for a chance fumble in a crowded room. A woman's view of any personal injury to herself is like a Chinese drawing in that it lacks in perspective and shows everything as practically the same size.

Women are more underhanded in their revenge than men. They do not fight so much in the open, for the very good reason that until recently they were not allowed in the open to fight or to do anything else. Their methods are survivals of the old days of seduction and restraint and inevitably consequent hypocrisy. For the credit of the sex be it said, however, that there are few women in the world who would, for a social slight, deliberately attempt to wreck a woman's happiness, blight her husband's career, and shadow with shame the lives of her children. The instinct for revenge dwells in every breast. But though the average human being may wait for years in impatience and malignity the delivery of his enemy into his hands, he finds, when the long-looked-for moment comes, that the better impulses of tenderness and compassion rise and stay the hand. The sense of power suffices. And the Chicago Nemesis would have wreaked a far better vengeance, even from her own point of view, if, having satisfied her malignity by the exposure of proofs against her enemy's husband, she had showed them to her and destroyed them. For she would have won from her an unwilling respect and admiration instead of the contemptuous superiority which all men and women feel for the perpetrator of a mean action, even though the action crushes and destroys them.

LETTERS.

QUESTIONS.

ANSWERS.

St. Louis, July 8.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where is the Democratic National Convention going to be held, and when?

E. M. W.

"Accompantist" Is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which is correct, "Accompantist" or "Accompantist"?

ANXIOUS.

Setting Poems to Music.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there any law forbidding putting poems to music—such poems as written by Byron and Poe?

JOS. F.

Any poem that is not copyrighted, or whose copyright has expired, may be freely used for such a purpose.

Feble Etiquette.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

When eating meats it is proper to eat the lettuce, water-cress or parsley that garnishes the dish? When apparatus is served on toast, is not the toast put there to absorb the moisture? Is it proper to eat the toast? I. S.

The lettuce, etc., used for garnishing the dish may be eaten, though at formal dinners it is not. The toast on which apparatus is served is intended to be eaten.

The Man Lower Down.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We'll soon have another grafter for the papers to be after, if the franchise of the subway gets the tiny grafts of renown. When the franchise has been granted, if some graft has been "Pantated," we will have to turn the lime-light on the man that's lower down.

C. E. FARR.

Monday.

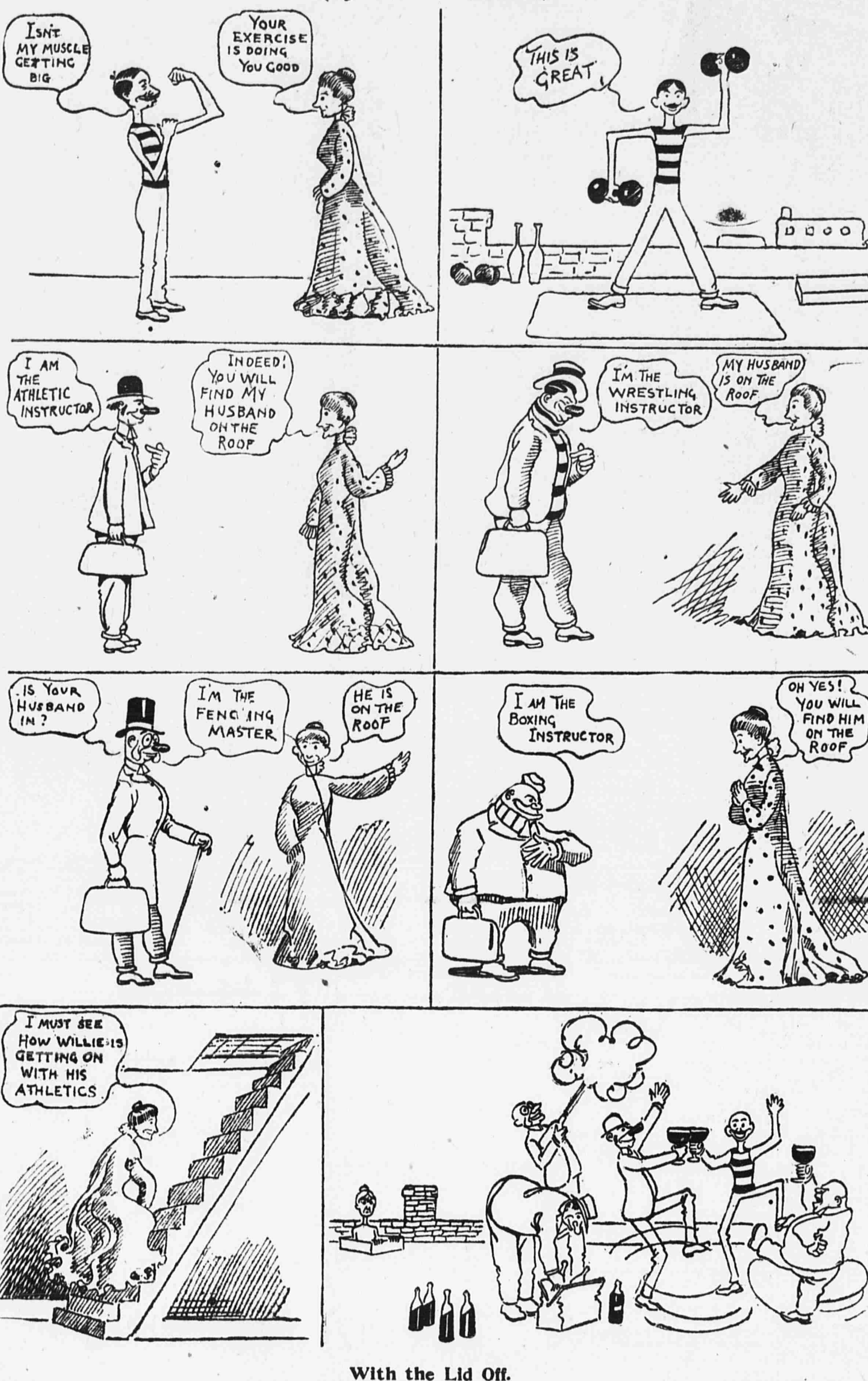
To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day of the week did Jan. 20, 1877, fall?

THEODORE.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

(By T. E. Powers.)



Mrs. Nagg and Mr. — By Roy L. McCardell.

(Copyright, 1904, by the Press Publishing Company, The New York World.)

Despite the Way He Acts, She Still Continues to Scatter Sunshine. Her Friends Know What Sort of Company He Keeps, but Would She Ever Complain? Ah, She Never Will!

COLONEL Wilkinson has come to see you. I know I am only in the way, I know you don't want me around when you have anybody else to talk to. Let me sit in the corner somewhere upstairs and be forgotten and neglected.

"Ah, Col. Wilkinson may pretend to be an invalid. He may have himself pushed around in a wheel chair by a mysterious negro who will not betray him. But I know that he and you are scheming and planning to lead a wild and hilarious life when I go away to the country."

"Don't be foolish, you say?"

"Yes, I know I am foolish. I know you scorn me. I know you think I am silly. Perhaps I deserve it for being silent and letting you out with your boon companions till all hours. Now it is too late."

"I know I should not permit it. I know I have a right to complain, but it is my nature to be patient and forgiving, and to be silent even when I am treated in the most shameful and outrageous manner."

"Col. Wilkinson is coming to talk over a business matter with you, you say?"

"Yes, show dust in my eyes. But my mother says she knew Col. Wilkinson when she was a girl, forty years ago. He was a very distinguished young man, and used to shout at the college games till he would get a sore throat and have to come home and go to bed while the other young men were around town celebrating their victories."

"That's the kind of a young man he was. A wild and reckless, terrible man. Mamma has told me, for the Wilkinsons lived near them, that he used to pass her house and wink at her in the most wicked way."

"What could you expect from such a man, but what he would go to the war and deliberately have his legs shot off?"

"Mr. Snig says war and fighting is horrid. Mr. Snig wouldn't shoot his legs off! And now here Col. Wilkinson, a wild bachelor, comes to my house to make you dissatisfied with your happy wedded life, and you want to drive me out of the room so you can talk over your wicked plans."

"Col. Wilkinson is a gallant, kindly gentleman, you say?"

"How do I know who and what he is? He never comes to see us. This is the first time he has ever set foot in this house by being wheeled in."

"I have only met him once, and there was something so artificial about him."

"That was his artificial legs, you say?"

"Oh, Mr. Nagg, how can you have the heart to make a joke about a friend's affliction?"

"You have a cruel, selfish disposition. Just because I am very fond of dear, kind old Col. Wilkinson you try to abuse him behind his back."

"You would make out he is a man that leads a terrible life. Just a few moments ago you told me so. Don't deny it! Don't you dare deny it!"

"Here is Col. Wilkinson now."

"How are you, Col. Wilkinson? Have your man wheel your chair over here by the window."

"Yes, I am looking good, but I feel terrible. Such pains up and down my back. Pottices and plasters don't do me any good. I lay awake all night and suffer, and by day I work, work, work, till I know I am killing myself."

"Of course I do not get any thanks for it. But then I have the feeling that I do my duty."

"I have suffered more than bodily pain. I could tell you things about my symptoms, but I prefer to be cheerful and not let any one know how I suffer."

"But, Col. Wilkinson, my doctor will tell you that I could never stand all the strain there is upon my system if it wasn't for my wonderful constitution. I have the most wonderful constitution in the United States."

"What do you mean, Mr. Nagg? I did not say anything about the constitution of the United States? Your jokes are as bad as your taste!"

"But, as I was telling you, Col. Wilkinson, I suffer continually, and medicine doesn't seem to do me any good. I take all the best remedies, but nothing can do me any good now, because I am all run down."

"I am all run down, Mr. Nagg! You will be glad when I am called away, and you can be a gay widower."

"But, Col. Wilkinson, as I was telling you, you are a man who can run around town and forget your worries because you are hearty and robust. Not that I ever complain, or no?"

"What, must you be going, Col. Wilkinson?"

"Oh, Mr. Nagg, I have ought you in another untruth! You said Col. Wilkinson was coming to talk over a business matter with you and he has never said a word about business all the time he has been here!"

Friends of Mr. Nagg.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In return for favors to me through your Nagg article, please accept following true story of my wife and myself. She found some horrible gum drops in my possession and said: "You buy horrible gum drops and you know I don't like them. That is why you buy them. You never buy anything I like."

I wish you would work this into one of your chapters. The truth of the matter is I buy her anything she wants in the refreshment line.

F. W.

Dear, kind, good Mr. McCardell:

Thank you ever so much for to-day's treatment of poor Nagg. Not only did it make me very happy to read what I did in to-day's World, but my wife can no longer say that I have been so low as to make you the confidant of my family affairs. Gratefully,

A. A. SMITH.

The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Why Physicians Like to Wear Facial Lambrequins.

"I WONDER," mused the Cigar Store Man, "why so many doctors wear whiskers."

"From the looks of a lot of hair portieres on the faces of doctors," said the Man Higher Up, "the medicine men use their whiskers for towels."

The habit of wearing whiskers prevalent among the saw-bones—for it is a habit—grants itself on them while they are very young in the business.

"It is characteristic of human nature that when it comes to looking for relief from pain or sickness the people in general have no confidence in a man who looks like he was a kid. The half-baked doctor works under a pull. Naturally he looks about for expedients to make him appear old, and hits on whiskers the first crack out of the box."

"The fact that the average youth's face is as much adapted to the cultivation of whiskers as a front yard in a coal mining town is to the cultivation of hay drops no medicine with the young M. D. He sees the old practitioners with alfalfa trimmings driving their own buggies and automobiles, and he reasons—not without some basis—that the whiskers are the thing."

"So he grows a bunch. Each individual whisker is as lonesome as a hired man at a husking bee, and the ensemble is something fierce. Perseverance wins out in the end and you can't see his face finally through the microscope strainers. He gets his first case about the time he gets his first experience of wearing his whiskers on the street without arousing raves, and as nearly every man is more or less superstitious he hangs onto them as mascots."

"I should think," remarked the Cigar Store Man, "that the doctors would be afraid of accumulating contagion in their lambrequins."

"A man who is brave enough to wear whiskers," replied the Man Higher Up, "is not afraid of anything."

Fables, Far, Far from Gay.

No. 12—The Woman Who Did Not Adopt the "Bend."

THERE was once a Woman who got the Straight Tip that the Grecian Bend was the direct line to get Square with the Whole Thing in the Fashion-Plate line. And she couldn't be Happy till she got it. But, being perhaps a trifle inclined to Embroider, she was by Nature rather Erect than Willow, and no one had ever even intimated that her Curves were any too Sinuous. So she summoned the Skill of a modest young Modiste to correct these trivial Aberrations. And her first Lesson was as follows:

"Bef madame vill attend, I vill dry to impart ze fairst principles uff ze Bend. Movement number one: Bleeze to elevate madame's shin—non, non!—perdon! Bef you bleeze, it is not rat shin, madame—non; nor ze ozer vor, ezeen it is zeen shin, here, on ze haid, by ze mouf. So! Bon!"

"Movement number two: Be bleeze to incline ze shouldeirs vorwärts from ze waist. Sol! Tres bien! Good!"

"Movement number tree: Let me see. Allow me, one moment. Yes, I believ rat ze thaird movement it vill be necessaire for madame to employ a leetle, just a leetle bleeze—do you say? Vill madame observe—like ziss! Volla!"

"By the howly mother, come out o' that! Quit this house this instant, ye shameless, impertinent rinx of a furren ballet-dancin' contorsionist or I'll put yer out! Do like that, is it? Let me ask yez, ye chatterin' pinouette, de yez take me for a double-jointed hippopotamus—me that's a dashed woman wid a drop of self-respect—God know—an' intruder kape it yit, bad luck ter yez. Here's yer pay! Go put yer 'leetle bleezes on a kangaroo!"

And the Incident was Closed.

The Yankee Pessimist.

The London Globe publishes the following veracious lament supposed to be made by a Yankee on learning that President Roosevelt is addicted to chewing gum:

Our President's one whom I mostly admire,
Gits right there, and makes everything hum;
But the amber contains just one insect's remains,
For our President masticates gum.

He's aiming too high; he should satisfied be,
And he's scooped the Republic's sum;
More dignified far, let him bite his cigar
And eschew the seductions of gum.

The social canker from Madison road
Extends to the Bowery slum;
So, in fear of the brand, I am off to a land
Whose President shudders at gum.

Of Wall Street, the Pitt, I'm doomed to be quit,
(And the thought finds me glummer and glummer)
Till I read in the Press at my foreign address
"The President is not a gummer."

The Gook.

Some Interesting Questions.

And They're Not Asked in Rhyme.

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Went up and asked her what it was. She gave it to me, and, turning around, RAN AWAY QUICKLY! Reading over the paper carefully, we were astounded to find it a prose poem containing some intensely interesting questions, as follows:

Who took me from my warm, warm cot?
Who began, How old is Ann?

Who surrendered at Barren Island?
Who was the man that made bicycles tired?

When did Louis the 14th St. reign?
Why is Russell Sage?

Why didn't Lee surrender in 1812?
Who discovered ice in the Delaware?

Who invented breakfast foods?
Why did Napoleon die in 1839?

Why does a brick weigh twice as much as two halves of a brick?

To-day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Was Written by John E. Leonard, No. 1 Nassau Street, New York City.

Monday's Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Gook, "Why Have Appendicitis?"